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Henry Ripley Dorr in the Splendid Little War of 1898



MANNING

Six members of Rutland's Company A, First Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, at Camp Olympia, Essex, Vermont, include (l to r) Private Henry R. Dorr, 1st. Sergeant William R. Tossing, 2nd. Sergeant Henry F. Sheldon, Corporal Charles W. Allen, Private Albert Brousseau and Artificer Charles E. Flanders.

About the Author

Donald Wickman is a Rutland resident and a member of the Rutland Historical Society. He is a Vermont historian who has authored two previous *Quarterlies* and most recently edited and compiled *Letters to Vermont, Volumes 1 and 2*, which are collections of Civil War letters written by soldiers to the *Rutland Herald*.

Acknowledgement

The author wishes to thank Wight Manning of Salisbury for the loan of a scrapbook belonging to Captain H. Edward Dyer of Company A, First Vermont Regiment, and for permission to use selected photographs from it.



(Inset picture) Captain H. Edward Dyer was commanding officer of Company A, First Vermont Regiment of the Vermont National Guard. (Large picture) Captain Dyer prepares for daily duty at Camp Olympia, Essex, Vermont, in May 1898.

Henry Ripley Dorr in the Splendid Little War of 1898

by Donald H. Wickman

Henry Ripley Dorr could trace an interesting and historical family lineage. Born in Center Rutland on 27 October 1858, he was the youngest son of Julia and Seneca Dorr. His mother, Julia, could be classified as Vermont's poet laureate during the 19th century and he partly followed in her footsteps, composing some excellent verse during his lifetime.

Dorr had three uncles who served in the Civil War, two of which, William and Edward gained much status as general officers during the conflict. When Henry Dorr married cousin Janet Ripley, his uncle William was not only an uncle, but now his father-in-law.

Dorr received his education in the public schools of Rutland and was admitted into Middlebury College in 1876. Four years later he graduated having been a class president and editor of a newspaper titled the *Undergraduate*. He also earned the designation of being the class poet.

After departing college Dorr entered journalism working first with the Springfield, Massachusetts, *Republican* and then the *Boston Herald*. When his father Seneca died in 1885, he returned home to work in the field of investment banking, a business which proved successful until the economic woes of 1893 when it failed. Not to be deterred by the loss, Dorr reentered the field for a firm in Topeka, Kansas, until the outbreak of the Spanish-American War in 1898.

On 25 April 1898 the United States declared war against Spain. Calls went out to the states for more troops to bolster the regular army and Vermont immediately offered the services of its national guard regiment, duplicating a scene from 1861. But this time, companies were understrength and ill-supplied. There was no shortage of volunteers as young men rushed to enlist to fight and seek glory. Among those volunteers was the thirty-nine-year-old Henry R. Dorr who had to appear out of place when compared to the much younger enlistees. He signed on as a member of Company A, raised primarily from Rutland.

The twelve companies soon assembled at Camp Olympia adjacent to Fort Ethan Allen in Colchester. There, on 16 May the men were mustered into federal service as the 1st Regiment of Infantry, Vermont Volunteers. Five days later the regiment departed Vermont to proceed to one of the large camps created to manage the gathering of the newly raised troops. The 1st Vermont's destination was Chickamauga Park, Georgia.

Before Dorr left Rutland he must have made an agreement with the *Rutland Herald* to correspond with the paper informing them of the regiment's activities. Shortly after the regiment's arrival in Georgia, Dorr's first letter appeared in the paper, signed off with his initials "H.R.D." His articulate style captured the essence of camp life, the frustrations of being a soldier and the anxiety of wanting to see action.



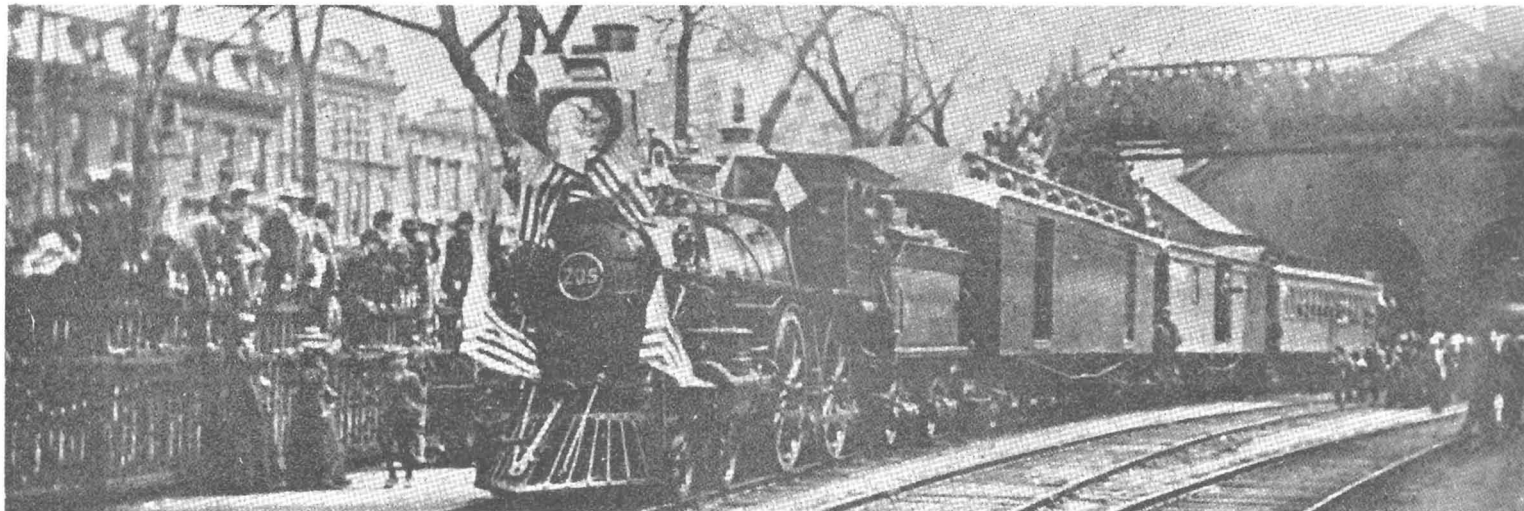
(l) The National Guard Armory was located upstairs in the Baxter Bank Building which was on the site of the present Service Building. The sign in the foreground reads: "RECRUITING! WANTED -- ABLE BODIED MEN -- UNMARRIED MEN PREFERRED. Minors must have written consent of parents. Men used to arms will be given preference." (r) Recruits are lined up on Washington Street during a Company A drill session. The man on the left is Corporal Henry G. Lester. The man in the center, wearing leggings, is Henry Dorr.

ROSTER OF COMPANY A (RUTLAND)

Captain: H. Edward Dyer
 First Lieutenant: Charles H. Landon
 Second Lieutenant: A.E.G. Fuller
 First Sergeant: W.R. Tossing
 Quartermaster Sergeant: E.T. Nelson
 Second Sergeant: H.F. Sheldon
 Third Sergeant: W.C. Johnson
 Fourth Sergeant: B.S. Hyland
 Fifth Sergeant: C.E. Pelton
 Corporals: B.A. Stickney, J.C. Holden, C.W. Allen, H.G. Lester, C.H. Harrison, J. Charles Hulihan.
 Musicians: J.H. Mankey and Louis Martel. Artificer: C.E. Flanders.

Wagoner: N.L. Austin. Privates: C.J. Alexander, C.C. Allen, James Barnum, H.C. Bentley, H.C. Bishop, J. E. Bishop, N.E. Bishop, H.W. Blake, George R. Bliss, Albert Brousseau, B. C. Brown, R.D. Buckingham, C.A. Davis, C.A. Day, H.R. Dorr, Charles E. Dowling, A.L. Emerson, L.W. Estabrook, H.F. Foyles, J.P. Gates, Le Grand Germond, H.A. Gillam, F.G. Gillam, Francis Guertin, T.J. Hagan, A.J. Hayes, Axel Holmkvest, Thomas Howley, R.J. Huntoon, L.E. Humphrey, O.B. Ingalls, A.P. Joubert,

J.K. Joy, W.C. Lane, L.A. Lassar, George Levins, C.W. Lewis, W.H. Mead, F.E. Mellow, Clayton Mills, J.F. Mossey, Donald McIntyre, W.E. Potter, August Segar, George Scott, W.L. Scoville, Rollin Seward, Walter Seward, R.E. Shaw, Francis St. Lawrence, Thos. H. Taylor, W.L. Town, F.J. Tefft, Abe Trombley, H.G. Tucker, George W. Weinle, F.S. Weis, F.E. White, E.T. Williams, M.C. Williams, B.F. Williams, W.H. Wilkins, A.H. Withington, F.H. Wood, J.A. Worden.



Enthusiastic crowd cheers Company A departure from Rutland for Camp Olympia, 8 May 1898.



At Camp Olympia the perfunctory daily regimen addressed the basic necessities of life. (l) Second Sergeant H.F. "Zip" Sheldon shaves while on fatigue. (r) Private Le Grand Germond cooks a meal for Company A. The regiment stayed at Camp Olympia only a short time before departing for Chickamauga Park, Georgia.



(l) Hometown supporters watch as boxes of provisions from Rutland are unloaded at Camp Olympia on 20 May 1898. Gifts included corn cob pipes, underwear, crackers, barrels of books, and comfort kits. (r) Color Sergeant E.T. Nelson entertains an unknown lady friend. Many friends and relatives of Company A took advantage of the excursion trains that were run from Rutland to Camp Olympia and back.

CAMP THOMAS

What The Company A Boys Are Doing

Glimpses of Camp Life in the South

An Interesting Letter From A Rutland Soldier

Camp Thomas¹, Chickamauga Park, Ga., June 1 - A little to the east of the Viniard and Alexander railroad, where the 3d brigade of the 1st division of the 3d army corps is camped today, the Army of the Cumberland under Maj. Gen. Rosecrans², with Gen. Thomas commanding the 14th Corps, and the Army of the Tennessee, Gen. Braxton Bragg commanding, fought on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, the Battle of Chickamauga.

On the line where the street of company A, 1st Vermont volunteers, extends today, Davis³'s division of Hood's⁴ corps formed in line of battle at 7 o'clock in the morning on the 19th of September, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the three rebel brigades forming this Division -- Davis', Robertson's and Benning's⁵ -- moved forward to meet the Union attack, and through these woods of oak the fighting was fierce and hot and deadly, until the shadows of evening fell upon a battle field neither lost nor won; and the veterans of two great armies slept exhausted on their arms. This was substantially all the hard fighting at this particular point; for the strength of the battle was far to the east and north. But this engagement was between veterans who made easy work for file closers. I do not know how many dead lay here; but there were no sham battles then, and on that perfect night the woods were strewn with killed and wounded, and the burden of the conflict was yet to come.

All this was stern reality to the soldiers of the great war; and today the volunteers of 1898 march and countermarch and charge the fancied enemy where Union and confederates struggled for supremacy; and they dig bullets from trees and search the ruined breastworks for rusty tokens of the battle.

There are some 45,000 troops in Chickamauga park⁶, but it is so great in extent that the casual visitors would not suppose that a large army was encamped within its 6000 acres, and except as the members of company A visit among the regiment embraced in the 3d brigade or visit on errands to more distant commands, they have formed few acquaintances and do not know where the other regiments are located.

You have heard all the news of the journey from Fort Ethan Allen⁷ to this camp. It was without incident save the greetings which kindly citizens gave us all along the route. With notable exceptions, the men conducted themselves as they should. But the exceptions, as is usual, were most in evidence, and brought discredit upon themselves, which does not so much matter, and disgraced the regiment as well, which is quite another thing. These individuals, I suppose, are accidents of war, and they will eventually find their proper station, as discipline grows more severe and the degenerates fall by the wayside.

To the boys who had never been far away from home before the journey was a revelation and a thing of joy, though the cars were crowded and stuffy, and the cakes and pies from loving friends were loaded with remorse and misery. The journey down the sound from New London was most uncomfortable, except for those who were lucky enough to seize and hold a stateroom; but when the boat sailed into New York harbor and passed up to the bridge and beyond, while the steamboat and factory whistles shrieked their greeting and bedlam broke loose, it was most impressive to the recruits, and one gallant soldier drew a long breath and said, "Dummed if this don't beat Brandon!"

There was weary waiting at Jersey City, but at last the battalions were marched to the cars and the journey south began. The New York Sun had a wonderful account of the Vermonters -- gigantic stature and full equipments, soldierly bearing and all that, but only half were equipped at all and the height is probably below the average of mountain-bred men.

The South, with darkies big and little, and cabins such as we read about, were objects of interest to everyone, and the southern accent furnished endless amusement to the boys, whose language, no doubt, sounds as strangely to southern ears. But at last Chattanooga⁸ was reached, and after some hot and sweltering hours of waiting the trains pulled out for the park. At Lytle, the battlefield station, the first scenes were encountered. There were cords on cords of provisions and equipments and hundreds of braying mules, and army wagons and companies marching to and fro. After several hours the 1st battalion, consisting of A, C, M and K companies marched to camp, led by Lieut. Col. Mimms⁹, and, though most of the boys were stiff and sore and heavy laden, they did not mind the three-mile march in the least.

Capt. Creed¹⁰ was finally sighted in the woods, and, when, the inevitable confusion was somewhat abated, the tents were pitched and something like order came from chaos. Coffee and such "broken victuals" as the troops had saved were served at last, and then the boys lay down in their tents to a sleepless night. The ground developed stones and sticks surprisingly; and daylight dawned upon a ruffled set of soldiers.

Since then the regiment has settled down to the unromantic and monotonous routine of camp life, broken by the discussion of grapevine news of sudden departures and great victories, and by grumbling about victuals and drink and drills. One night not long ago the camp was roused by the news that Sampson¹¹ had sunk every thing a foot high on the Spanish main; but as the morning news papers failed to have anything further than the usual announcement that the fleet had been heard of somewhere in West Indian waters, there have been no more candle parades.

Morning drill invites rest until afternoon drill, and that in turn renders taps welcome at 9.15 o'clock.

Company A is being drilled mainly in extended order; and it is sharp, stiff work, which tries the soldiers severely. It used to be said in the '60s by those who were competent observers that the "Vermonters weren't worth a dash except for marching, fighting and grumbling;" and if this is true the volunteers of '98 do their best to emulate them. They can march and grumble beyond conception, and they have had no chance to prove their fighting qualities as yet. They

find relief from earthly cares in condemning the rations they draw and the water they get and the drilling they do; and until lately the rations, which are good enough now, were really very feeble. However, all things considered, the Vermonters probably complain more than the government really requires of them for \$15.60 per month and found;¹² but the amusement is harmless, even though it increases temperature.

The 1st Vermont is brigaded with the 3d Tennessee and the 8th New York, and the brigade is, for the present, commanded by Col. Clark¹³. The Vermonters have become well acquainted with the Tennessee boys, in whom they find kindred spirits; but their intimacy with the New Yorkers has been mainly associated with attempts to draw water from a pipe which the 8th has seemed to regard as personal property, and some sharp "scraps" have at times seemed imminent. There is no bloodshed yet, and peace reigns in this tented neck of the woods.

Today the report is rife that we are to be ordered soon to Cuba or Porto Rico; but we shall be in the Philippines before night, and wake up in Chickamauga tomorrow morning.

H.R.D.¹⁴

If there was anything commonplace between all wars it was the constant presence of rumors. Men feasted on any news which could directly affect their unit in the conflict. While rumors thrived, the men adjusted to the rigid discipline required in camp.

CAMP THOMAS

Routine Life Of Our Company A Boys

Something About the Daily Trumpet Calls

The Boys Growing Stalwart On Army Food

Camp Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Ga., June 17. - There is always a lack of news which can interest any one beyond its confines when once the soldiers have settled down to the uneventful routine which governs a military camp of instruction. There is no lack of "grapevines," however, to occupy the thoughts of the boys who pay any attention to them. and every day brings its complement of rumors to be excitedly discussed. The child of company A asks the venerable granddaddy of the same every 20 minutes by the sun if he thinks the regiment is going to be moved soon; and his temperature falls or rises as the answer is no or yes. And so it goes from reveille to taps.

The regiment has now most of its uniforms, and we understand that belated requisitions are out for extra pants, socks, shoes and overcoats, and a complete fatigue uniform of brown canvas, which leads us to think we are possibly booked for service in the tropics. If this is settled, however, no one here knows it.

Camp life would be irksome if it were not busy. Some idea of the day's duties may be gathered from "Trumpet Call," which I give below, from which the friends whom the boys left behind may gather some notion of their whereabouts at stated times. Here they are:

First Call,	5.20 a.m.
Reveille,	5.30 a.m.
Assembly, roll call,	5.40 a.m.
Mess,	5.50 a.m.
Sick call,	6.15 a.m.
Guard mounting,	6.30 a.m.
Assembly,	6.35 a.m.
Adjutant's call,	6.45 a.m.
First call for drill,	6.50 a.m.
Drill call,	6.55 a.m.
Assembly for drill,	7.00 a.m.
Recall from drill,	9.30 a.m.
First sergeant's call,	11.45 a.m.
Mess,	12.00 m.
First call for drill,	3.15 p.m.
Drill,	3.20 p.m.
Assembly,	3.25 p.m.
Adjutant's call,	3.30 p.m.
Recall from drill,	5.00 p.m.
Mess,	6.00 p.m.
Sick call,	6.15 p.m.
Retreat,	6.30 p.m.
First call,	8.50 p.m.
Tattoo,	9.00 p.m.
Assembly, roll call,	9.05 p.m.
Taps,	9.15 p.m.

Some of the buglers of limited experience become as "rattled" with a trumpet as recruits do with a gun; and when the call is rendered in a particularly fantastic manner, cheers resound throughout the company streets and cries of "good boy" tantalize the afflicted "wind jammer." But all this is good-natured, and company A is mainly composed of good-natured soldiers who give without interest and take with pious resignation.

At 5.20 o'clock in the morning the boys are awake, and 20 minutes later "assembly" calls them into line to answer the roll. Sergeant Tossing¹⁵ officiates at this ceremony, and while the sergeants are reverentially called by their names, the privates and corporals are numbered; and a stranger would have visions of striped clothes and balls and chains if he could hear, without seeing, the boys who answer to numbers 1 to 70. This having been done, either Capt. Dyer or Lieut. Landon or Lieut. Fuller¹⁶ takes command and marches the company to the interval between our camp and that of the 3d Tennessee, and there they are given musical drill for 10 minutes, which they do not relish at that time of day.



(l) Officers Row with Company A officers' tents on the left. (r) Captain H. Edward Dyer(left), First Lieutenant Charles H. Landon (center), and Second Lieutenant A.E.G. Fuller relax in front of their tent at Chickamauga Park, Georgia, in June 1898.

The mess call is always responded to with alacrity, and the boys have set words to this and other trumpet calls, as all soldiers have from time immemorial. The mess call, thus interpreted, becomes--

Soupee, soupee, soupee,
Not a bit of bean;
Coffee, coffee, coffee,
Not a drop of cream,

which answers the purpose, even though it does not inspire thoughts of lyrical masters; and "assembly" says to the soldiers:--

Get your gun, O get your gun!
Get your gun, O get your gun!
Get your guns, blast your eyes,
Get your gun, gun, gun!

I suppose the following words for reveille have been used, with slight changes, for generations, but they never wear out and they never fail to inspire motion:--

I can't get 'em out;
I can't get 'em out;
I can't get 'em out in the morning!
I can't get 'em out;
I can't get 'em out;
I can't get 'em out at all-I-I-I!
The corporal's worse than the private;
The sergeant's worse than the corp'ral;
The lieutenant's worse than the sergeant;
And the captain's worst of all!

At guard mounting First Sergeant Tossing marches the company detail of five men to the guard tent, and there the new guard of 60 men is formed and divided into three reliefs, while the old guard is called in and dismissed and the new guard is posted by reliefs. For the new outfit this means 24 hours of wearisome and lonesome duty. Each sentinel is on two hours and off four hours until the 24 hours are completed, and is usually ready for a long nap when his duty is over.

The sentinel's detail is such essential importance in an enemy's country that the boys are being instructed here as thoroughly as conditions permit, and commissioned officers prowl here and there in the darkness to test the vigilance of the sentinel and to see that he knows how to challenge properly and how to act under differing circumstances.

The morning drill is usually in close order and the manual of arms, Capt. Dyer or Lieut. Landon commanding, as a rule, during the first part of the drill, and the company is turned over to Sergeant Pelton or Sergeant Johnson¹⁷. The results seem to show constant improvement. In the afternoon regimental or battalion drill takes place in some open space near by; and since the boys have acquired military shirts, pants and leggings and campaign hats, they present a soldierly appearance and are being "licked into shape" rapidly.

A stiff drill for an hour and a half in the hot Georgia sun is no boy's play. At first it was nothing uncommon for a man to be overcome in the ranks; but that is a thing of the past now, and the boys grow rugged and stalwart.

The people at home need lavish no sympathy on the members of company A, for they don't need it; and I have no doubt that every mother's son of them regards his service in the United States army as a special privilege; and whether he sees hard fighting or none in the months to come, is not ungrateful for the chance he has had to prove his willingness.

And the good people at home need not fear that the soldiers are going hungry. The ration is good and ample now, and every man has all he ought to eat of plain, substantial food. Today's dinner, for instance, consisted of roast beef, potatoes, onions, cabbage, bread and coffee. What would the soldiers who filled the woods of Chickamauga 35 years ago have thought of this layout? The ration was very meager at first because everything was in confusion; but if the 1st Vermont sees Cuba or Porto Rico or any other islands of the sea, then the boys will long for the flesh pots of Chickamauga.

Most of the sickness in camp now is confined to the discomfort incident to vaccination, and to cases in which the process of becoming acclimated is not finished, and it is probably true that the percentage of sick men is very small considering that this is a regiment of recruits.

Some of the boys have twinges of homesickness, and that is to their credit, but none expect to be home very soon, and they become hardened to separations, which need not and does not imply that they are forgetful of home ties or unmindful of them.

Mr. Wheeler's¹⁸ visit to the company was a rare pleasure to us all, and his generous gift to the boys will not be readily forgotten.

Time brings strange changes and strange companionships. As this letter draws to a close the regimental band of the 3d Tennessee volunteers is playing "The Star Spangled Banner." Probably the souls of the heroes who rest in the shadow of Lookout mountain would say, if they could send messages from Valhalla, that this war will have been worth all it may cost in life and treasure when Vermont and Tennessee march loyally together, and all that this implies has been accomplished for the nation's good.

H.R.D.¹⁹

With the successes in Cuba the soldiers of the 1st Vermont became increasingly impatient regarding their role in the war. The men craved action, but had to settle for life in camp.

CAMP THOMAS

The Rutland Boys On Outpost Duty

Scenes and Incidents on the Tented Field.

Brave Private Maguire Once More In Evidence

Camp Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Ga., July 6. - While you were having Fourth of July experiences at home the 1st Vermont had welcome rest from drill, and only the guard was busy. There were more guns and less powder in evidence that day than the boys ever knew of before; and the day was spent in wandering from camp to camp, trying to get beyond the lines without a pass, and loafing in the uncertain shade which the scant foliage of southern oaks affords. The dawn of the 5th

saw the old routine in force again, and the usual drills and duties occupy the regiment.

Probably there is more excitement outside the army than in it over the battles in Cuba. The news is eagerly sought and discussed, to be sure; but the possible effect of the taking of Santiago and the destruction of the fleet on the fortunes of the regiment is the first thought. Some days ago the northern papers announced that the regiment was among those ordered to Cuba, but nothing of the sort was heard here, and it is not likely that it would be detached from the brigade. "Grapevines" have begun to lose their attraction, and the boys would hardly believe anything now even if they knew it was true.

The drill now is mainly in battle formation, and a company is said to have made particular progress in mastering the art of seeking cover; though it is generally believed that the individual soldiers will show surprisingly alacrity in gaining shelter when they get in front of the Spaniards. In the manual of arms and in close order movements the company and the regiment grow more proficient as time passes, and the "veterans" begin to look with kind compassion upon the recruits who come from time to time to fill the ranks of the regiments now here.

It is not the prerogative of privates "to reason why," but they do wonder why the soldiers have had no target practice, and they venture to suggest to each other that, however proficient a soldier may be in the manual of arms, the marchings and extended order, it would seem quite essential that he should know how to load and fire a rifle without damage to himself and comrades. The Spaniards seem to have shown themselves good soldiers on land, however insufficient they may be at sea, and land engagements must be next on the programme.

Some time ago a sudden order was given to A and C companies to get into heavy marching order at once, and there was lively hustling, for it was long past noon. The boys supposed they were going to Chattanooga to do provost guard duty; but after a weary march in the hot sun, during which the officers lost their way and had to turn the column back, the battalion, embracing a company from the 3d Tennessee, pitched their "pup" tents near a fine spring some three miles away, and began several days of outpost duty. Capt. Dyer commanded the battalion, and discipline was of a more exacting nature than the boys had before experienced. Gen. Grant,²⁰ commander of the division, ordered outpost and patrols established to protect property from marauders, prevent Chickamauga creek from being polluted and keep soldiers from straying beyond the limits of the national park. Gen. Grant, who by the way, is not currently believed to be devoured by admiration for the Vermonters, visited the outposts from time to time and, if current history is to be credited, made a deep impression on one of the boys by asking for a chew of tobacco.

This is the first experience the boys have had with the small shelter tent, known as the "pup" tent. It is large enough to shelter two men comfortably; so each man carries his half tent in his blanket roll and front and rear rank men pitch tent expeditiously together.

Col. Clark, now absent for a few days, has returned to the command of the regiment, and the 3d brigade is now commanded by Gen. L.S. Colby²¹ of Nebraska, an experienced officer who had seen hard service with Gen. Miles²² on the frontier. Gen. Grant, it is rumored, has been transferred from the 1st division and is to be succeeded by Gen. Royal T. Frank, late colonel of the 4th artillery.

The camp is not without its pleasing features, and the soldiers enjoy the army quip and jest and droll remark to the utmost. Vermonters seem reluctant by nature to show conspicuous courtesy, and are apt to salute shoulder straps in a shamefaced and half-hearted manner. On a recent evening Capt. Dyer looked into a curtain tent at the head of the company street just as its occupants had settled themselves for the night, and when he turned away Sergt. Pelton remarked in an undertone, "Snap your heels together and lie at attention when the commissioned officer is present, you greenhorns!"

Picturesque tales come to us from neighboring regiments, and an officer of the 3d Tennessee relates that a battalion commander of the blank volunteer infantry explained a movement as follows: "Left front into line of echelons, face to de right, disentangle de first company to de front, four all about, mope. Den organize de left company and de movement is complete. See?" And it is told of the same regiment that as the officer of the day appeared near the guard tent the sentinel on duty there sung out, "Turn out de whole push, de main guy is comin'!" And an instant later called, "Never mind de push, de so-of-a-gun has gone to odder way!"

All in all, this camp is more orderly than so large a collection of soldiers from various walks of life might be expected to make it; but the regimental chaplains think the canteens do too lively a business and would like them closed. Two officers with conspicuous shoulder straps stopped at company headquarters recently just at dusk, and the lieutenant on duty, with the common courtesy which obtains among officers in camp, produced a cold bottle for their entertainment. They politely declined and that settled it; but as they rose to depart the lieutenant noticed for the first time the insignia of their calling; and his friends relate with satisfaction how he offered beer to the two chaplains who lead the crusade against the canteens.

All these incidents of army life in camp help to break its monotony and make it bearable, and they are welcome; for as the novelty wears away this life would grow irksome without its seasoning of fun.

But some things pass beyond legitimate fun; and much annoyance has been caused by someone in company A who has written home abominable stories of disorder, breach of regulations and punishments, which are made out of whole cloth; and if they were intended to be jokes are very carefully disguised. The boys hope their friends will give no credence to these poor exhibitions of spite or feeble wit. Most things are as they should be here, and grumbling is at times good for the soul. Private Maguire²³ is opposed to guard duty, and he hands me the following pathetic plaint, which I transfer for what it is worth. It is called:

On Guard

Five days' of drill and one on guard --

There's divil a drone in an army hive.

Sure dhrill, dhrill, dhrill is bad enough,

But the day on guard is worse than the five.

"Detail, fall in!" says Sarjint Bill;
"Swally yer mess an' hurry up!
Dress to the right!" Then "Forward march!
Ye no more shtyle than a brindle pup!

"Detail, halt! Ye're third in the line;
Come down together without a fault!
Forward, march! Mark time, mark time!
Forward, column right, detail, halt!
Dress to the right, ye spalpeens; front!
Open ranks! Inspection arms!
There's rust on your gun and your feet's all mud!
Parade, rest! Sound off! Pree-sent arms!"

Thirty minutes in the br'ilng sun;
Then "Guard to its post," and "Fours right, march!"
Tootlum, tootlum, toot, toot, toot,
"Keep step, ye mopes, can'y ye learn to march?"
Thin at the guard tint, "Halt! Left face!"
Sure that's all aisy, I don't think;
Twinty-three hours ahead o' ye now,
With little to ate and less to drink!

Walk yer post like a soldier, no;
Salute all officers, mind yer eye!
Face out! right shoulder! now present!
For a bould liftinant is strolling by.
Here comes a non-com of the guard
With wheels to spare in his bursting head.
"There, ye needn't hold up that tree!
Walk yer post! Do ye want a bed?"

That's in the day time, after taps
The camp, like a ship becalmed at sea,
Is as still as a church till a scrap breaks out
In the peaceful quarters of company C.
Next the liftinant of the guard
With a couple o' sarjints, sly assin,
Prowls in the woods with a stealthy tread
To take some innocents sentinel in.

Faix, but the hours are slow to pass;
And it's fourteen years from 12 to 2,
While every sentinel calls "All's well,"
And wishes that same remark was true!
But the distant east grows gray at length,
And the last relief goes on at 5,
Sure the day on guard is the worst of all,
And there's divil a drone in the army hive!

H.R.D.²⁴

By late July the prospect of the 1st Vermont seeing action dimmed with every day. Reports of American successes and Spanish defeats solidified the eventual war's outcome. Still, camp life continued as did many of the problems surrounding general mismanagement of equipage.

CAMP THOMAS

Some Defective Equipment Arrangements.

A Plaintive Protest from a Company A Boy.

Description of Life on the Tented Field.

Chickamauga Park, Ga., July 27. - The 27 regiments of the 1st army corps, with regiments from other camps, are under order for Porto Rico. The 1st Vermont swelters in the Georgia sun and waits wearily for marching orders. It still hopes that the chapter of accidents will transfer it to Gen. Brooke's²⁵ command; but the hope is feeble, and it is the general belief that the regiment will never see active service, but will in the end perform garrison duty in some of Uncle Sam's new islands after peace is declared. This is a bitter disappointment to officers and enlisted men, but the situation could not well be otherwise. The regiment came here, like Falstaff's army, ragged, half-clothed, half-shod and unarmed. It hoped to be ready for the field, so far as equipments was concerned, in a few weeks, but time has passed and the equipment has come by piecemeal.

A few days ago a bit of ghastly sarcasm was perpetrated, when all the heavy winter overcoats originally owned by the national guard and later delivered to Uncle Sam as unserviceable were returned and reissued to the company. The thermometer was at 100 degrees and the boys marched to quarters in their heavy blue trousers and blue shirts and hot headgear carrying the heavy overcoats with tender care. The overcoats were here, but the canvas uniforms were not and as yet are not. The rifles owned by the old national guard were reissued and they are all right; but to the recruits new Springfields of an older pattern have been issued and they can be pulled off at half cock.

We all have new canteens, which is a surprise, for only about half the regiment have new cartridge belts and new haversacks -- most of the old ones used by the national guard and musty with age and hard usage having been reissued. The boys congratulate themselves on having two shirts apiece now. For weeks they had one each. How to keep that shirt clean by frequent washing and wear it all the time furnished a difficult problem for the soldier to solve. An ingenious man attempted to go in swimming with it on, but the guard at the swimming hole in Chickamauga creek objected and he finally compromised by sitting under the standpipe while a generous friend turned the mule hose on him. The standpipe water was so hot that the flannel collar shrunk and nearly choked him to death. This is a fact and "I could prove it if old Bill Jones was alive."

To the man up a tree the history of the 1st Vermont from start to this date seems in many respects very pitiful business. The boys have read with amazement the Herald's recent editorials with reference to

the \$200,000 appropriated by the state for military purposes, and they feel that they have not been handsomely treated, and that the regiment has been handicapped to an extent which cannot now be overcome.

The regiment, too, suffers because it cannot be recruited to its full fighting strength of 106 men to a company. It must do under all circumstances the same work required of full regiments. That Vermont has furnished more than her quota cuts no figure; for Nebraska, for instance, has furnished over 900 men in excess of the number required under the two calls for recruits; and the powers that be should see that the regiment is allowed the same fair chance that other regiments enjoy. That is all it asks. Today it is a regiment of good material and capable of efficient service, and if it had gone into camp fully equipped it could and would have been in the field long ago. New Hampshire sent its 1st regiment to this camp fully equipped. It is in the 1st corps, Brooke's command, and goes to Porto Rico, but the 1st Vermont is in the 3d brigade of the 1st division of the 3d corps -- a long way down the line.

There is no special change here in the daily work of the regiment. A rifle range has been made, and a company has had one day's shooting -- five to a man at 100 yards. This was meant to be a test of a man's capacity for learning to shoot accurately, and no crack shots were expected. Walter Seward²⁶ made five bull's-eyes in succession. The shooting as a whole was very good, considering that many of the boys had never fired a Springfield and some had never fired a gun of any kind.

The fun of the camp keeps up in spite of some discouraging weather, a general weariness of Chickamauga park, and the tendency of duty to grow irksome. After taps strange sounds are apt to rise from various tents. The plaintive notes of Charley Allen's²⁷ tame "phillaloo bird" first breaks the stillness of the starry night, perhaps, "soaring 'oop an' down" in mournful cadence. Across the street a crow caws excitedly, or croaks like the raven of Barnaby Rudge. Far off the bleating of a frisky lamb is heard; the "rancous blating" of a calf adds discord to the concert, a jackass brays, a cow "moos," and from street to street along the line of companies roosters wake the echoes, and every creature from a Vermont barnyard gives voice until bedlam seems to have broken loose and great chunks of shattered sky threaten to fall on the tented field.

The sextet in Nelson's²⁸ tent sing to the air "tar-ra-ra-boom-de-aye" verses composed by the poets who tent therein, commemorating the deeds and peculiarities of various "non coms" and privates of the company. The officers have so far escaped, but must step lively to keep safe from attack.

The latest report to gain some temporary credence in the company was to the effect that the state of Vermont, unwilling to endure the absence of here 1st regiment longer, has told the secretary of war to send it back to Camp Olympia, volunteering to pay half the cost of transportation and subsistence. This was considered "important if true," and many of the soldiers were in transports of delight. But the greatest sensation was caused by some vagabond who started the story that a petition, to be signed by all officers and men of the regiment, was in circulation, praying Senator Proctor²⁹ to ask Secretary Alger³⁰ to send us to Cuba. Most of the boys were eager to sign, but there were some expressions of doubt as to the necessity of the action, and the hoax was helped along by the fact that a blanket sheet receipt for clothing was presented about that time for each man to sign, and it was at first supposed to be

the petition. If the perpetrator of this swindle can be identified he will be carelessly handled.

Sparring bouts have come into popularity, and a stiff boxing match between Abe Trombley³¹ of A company and Corporal Fitzsimmons³² of H is arranged for next Saturday and promises to be interesting, and extemporaneous events take place every day at the head of the company street. Brig. Gen. Colby and Lieut. Col. Mimms were interested spectators of several scientific exhibitions a few days ago, including a vigorous fight to a draw between Rod Shaw and Scotty³³ from Glover. Rod proposes to apply for a furlough, after the campaign against Havana, on the strength of the entertainment he helped to furnish.

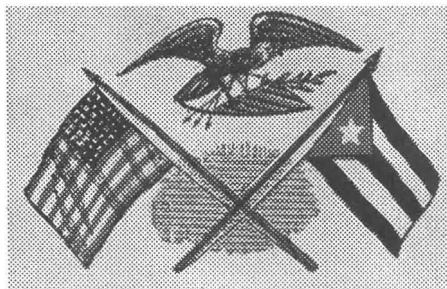
Rain has fallen like the deluge recently, and if most of the tents were not floored with boards the sleeping quarters of the boys would be intolerable. In this beautiful Georgia climate the rain can come down furiously almost without warning, but the tents are comfortable and very little discomfort arises from weather conditions. We are getting Cuban weather now, and the boys fear that this is the nearest to the regular article which they will see until the fighting is over.

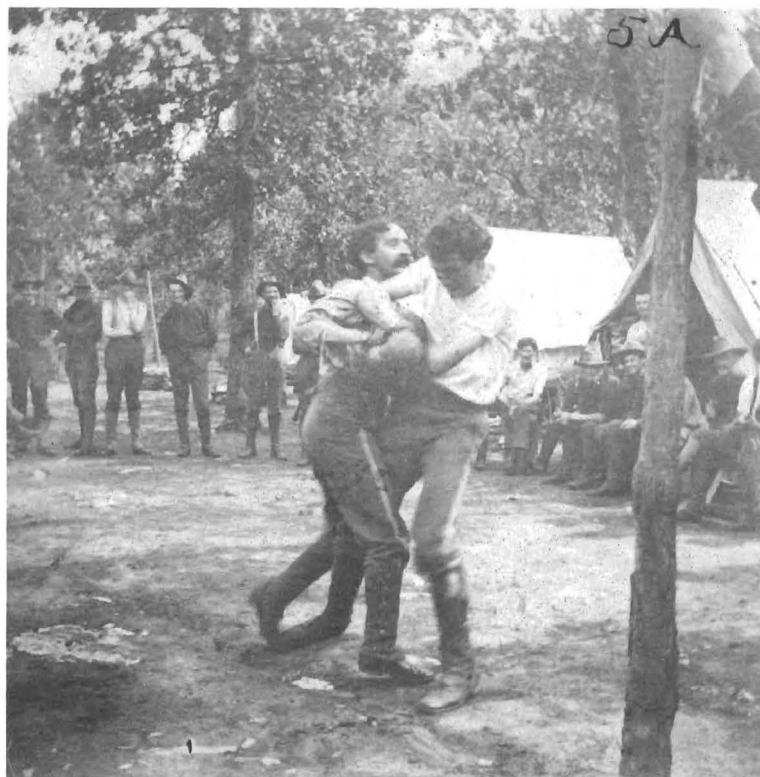
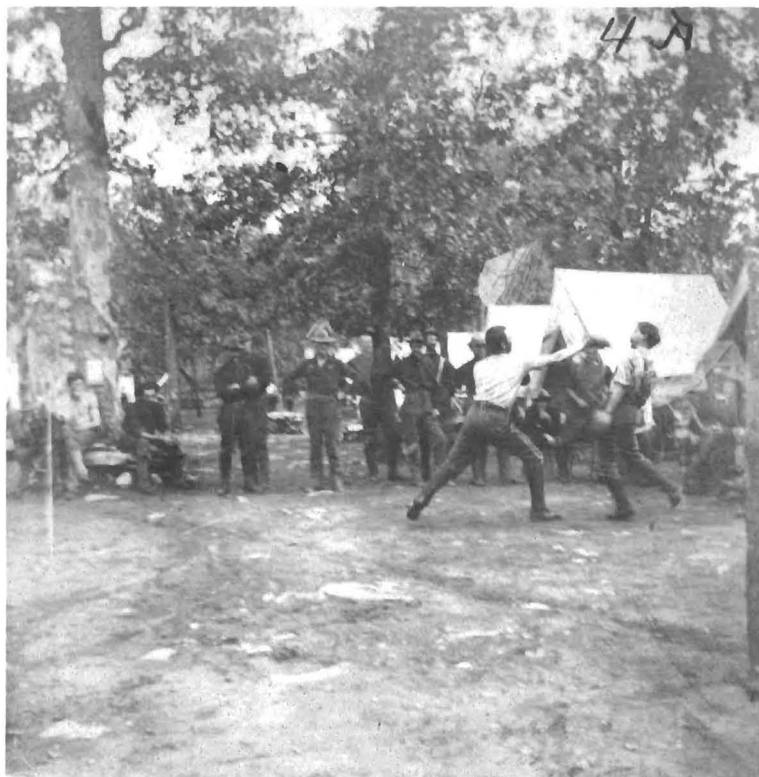
H.R.D.³⁴

Shortly after writing this letter the 1st Vermont Regiment received the news no one wished to hear; the regiment was departing Camp Thomas, not for Puerto Rico, but back to Vermont. Dorr and many others were devastated by the news. Still wanting to see some action, no matter how limited, Dorr submitted transfer papers to join the 1st New Hampshire Regiment which appeared to have better chances to go southward. Father-in-law William Ripley thought the idea senseless and instructed Dorr to remain with his state regiment since the war would quickly draw to a close. Dorr returned to Vermont with the regiment.

On 4 September the men of the 1st Vermont received furloughs to return home and await formal mustering out. Rutland residents turned out in large numbers to greet their boys of Company A, not considering them any less the heroes for not having seen action. On 3 November 1898, Company A of Rutland, Captain Edward Dyer commanding, was mustered out of the United States military. Henry Dorr once again resumed his place in the civilian ranks.

After his return to Vermont the ever versatile Dorr entered into the fuel business, eventually holding the position of president of the International Fuel Company of Rutland. It was while he was on a company business trip out west in 1904 he fell ill and died of cerebro spinal meningitis at St. Joseph hospital in Kansas City on 23 June 1904. He was only forty-five and left his wife and a son.³⁵ The body was returned to Rutland for burial and interred in the Ripley family plot in Evergreen Cemetery. Major Edward Dyer sounded taps at the funeral and several of the pallbearers were comrades from Company A.





Boxing matches provided a popular outlet from the boredom of camp life for both participants and onlookers alike. (l) Corporal B. A. Stickney spars with First Sergeant W. R. Tossing in the Company street. (r) First Sergeant Tossing clinches with Third Sergeant W.C. Johnson in another boxing match.



Rutland's Company A of the Vermont Volunteer Infantry in camp at Chickamauga Park, Georgia, in 1898. Soldier standing behind chair at right may be Henry Dorr.

ENDNOTES

- ¹Named after Union general George Thomas who made a defiant stand here in 1863.
- ²William S. Rosecrans, commander of the Union army of the Cumberland, whose career was marred due to his actions in the battle of Chickamauga.
- ³Dorr is probably referring to Confederate general Zachariah Deas.
- ⁴John Bell Hood.
- ⁵Jerome B. Robertson and Henry L. Benning.
- ⁶This battlefield was one of the first to be preserved and was first under the management of the War Department.
- ⁷The site still exists in Colchester.
- ⁸Rail center located on the Tennessee River in southern Tennessee.
- ⁹John H. Mimms of St. Albans.
- ¹⁰Quartermaster of the 1st Vermont, James Creed of Rutland.
- ¹¹Admiral William Sampson, U.S. Navy.
- ¹²Means board and lodging.
- ¹³Colonel Osman Clark, commander of the 1st Vermont.
- ¹⁴*Rutland Herald*, 9 June 1898.
- ¹⁵First Sergeant William Tossing of Rutland.
- ¹⁶Company A officers: Captain H. Edward Dyer, 1st Lieutenant Charles H. Landon and 2nd. Lieutenant Arthur E. G. Fuller.
- ¹⁷Charles E. Pelton and Wait C. Johnson.
- ¹⁸Marcellus E. Wheeler of Rutland.
- ¹⁹*Rutland Herald*, 23 June 1898.
- ²⁰Regular army general Frederick Dent Grant, eldest son of Ulysses S. Grant.
- ²¹Should read L. W. Colby, for Leonard W. Colby.
- ²²Nelson Miles.
- ²³This "Private Maguire" can not be identified from the Regiments's roster.
- ²⁴*Rutland Herald*, 14 July 1898.
- ²⁵John R. Brooke.
- ²⁶Resident of Pittsford.
- ²⁷Charles W. Allen of Rutland.
- ²⁸Quartermaster Sergeant Edward T. Nelson.
- ²⁹U.S. Senator from Vermont, Redfield Proctor.
- ³⁰U.S. Secretary of War, Russell Alger.
- ³¹A private from Richville.
- ³²No Fitzsimmons appears in the regimental roster. He could be a member of another regiment or Dorr might have substituted a pseudonym.
- ³³Rodney E. Shaw of Company A and Rutland. Scotty can not be identified, but was probably a member of Company L raised in Newport.
- ³⁴*Rutland Herald*, 4 August 1898.
- ³⁵Following family tradition, Henry's only son, Tom, enlisted in the Marine Corps in WWI and died of disease in camp in 1917.

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